Unfortunately they'd arrived on one of Adam's sick days. It hadn't happened. It was probably the manager's fault. Patricia was lazy and bungling. She was really just an accountant. Adam said it looked like we needed him after all.

How sad that his self-worth depended on mattering to poor people to whom nothing mattered anymore. On mattering to incompetent losers like ourselves who needed him to fill our freezer.

I can't speak for anyone else but he mattered to me because I loved him.

*

Babs was leaving. She was going to learn how to be a teacher. I wouldn't miss her. She was always conning the manager for more hours, my shifts. She undermined me with the tenants, then complained to the manager that I was too harsh. If I cut Jack off cigarettes for smoking in her room, she'd give her a cigarette as soon as I left. Then she'd write a shift entry implying that I was probably smoking Jack's cigarettes myself. She was lazy, she slept all night, and she made meds errors. Because I criticized her for being late all the time, she asked me to give her a wake-up call at 5 A.M. I said she was a bitch. Adam said she was just a twit. Philip organized the farewell party. Actually it was just a poker night, but Philip co-opted it for his friend. Everyone had to contribute twenty dollars to Babs's education. When